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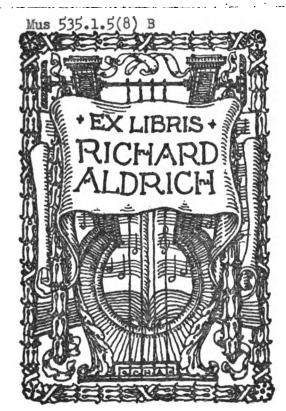
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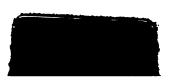
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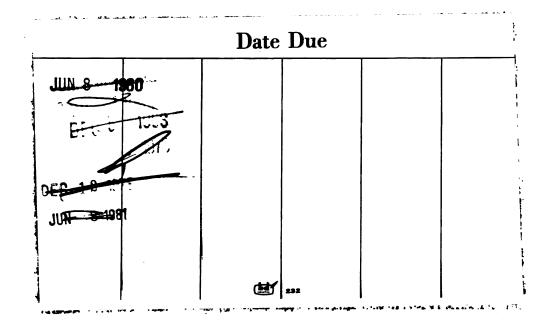


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The Old English Edition. 190. viii.

SONGS OF SUNDRY NATURES.

BY

WILLIAM BYRD, 1589.

TWELVE SONGS TO FIVE VOICES.

EDITED BY

G. E. P. ARKWRIGHT.

24 BERNERS STREET, London.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS, | JAMES PARKER & CO. 27 BROAD STREET, Orford.

M DCCC XCIII.

Mus 535.1,5 (8) B

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Preface.

THE object of this Edition is to present in an accessible form various works by English composers of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, which would otherwise be difficult to obtain.

It is intended to reprint a selection from the music hidden away in public and private libraries, which is almost unknown, except to antiquaries and collectors of rare books.

Each volume will be accompanied by Introductions, Biographical Notices, and references to the authorities whence information is obtained.

Introduction

to Mo. Biii. Old English Edition.

BYRD'S "Songs of Sundry Natures" include twelve songs to five voices, which are printed in the present volume. It has not been thought necessary to retain here the order in which the songs were placed in the original edition: the numbering therefore of the five-part songs in this edition does not correspond with that of the edition of 1589. The change was made in order that the song, Love would discharge, might be placed next to See those sweet eyes, of which it is the second part.

The four-part chorus to the Christmas Carol (No. 35) has been placed for convenience in this volume, although in the original edition it was printed among the songs to four voices.

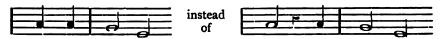
The Carol (No. 35) is without doubt meant for performance with instrumental accompaniment, although this is not indicated in the original edition, except by the omission of the words in the Superius, Contratenor, Tenor, and Bassus books. It was first pointed out by Mr. W. Barclay Squire that when this arrangement is found (which is not infrequent in old part-books, especially in verse anthems) the parts without words are intended for viols.

Other examples will be found among the six-part "Songs of Sundry Natures," No. 9 in this edition. The Editor's thanks are due to Mr. Squire for his advice on this point.

The following alterations and corrections have been made in the five-part songs:—

p. 94, bar 1, p. 103, last bar, } First Tenor. The second note is e not f in the original.

p. 120, bar 2. Second Tenor. The original reads:—



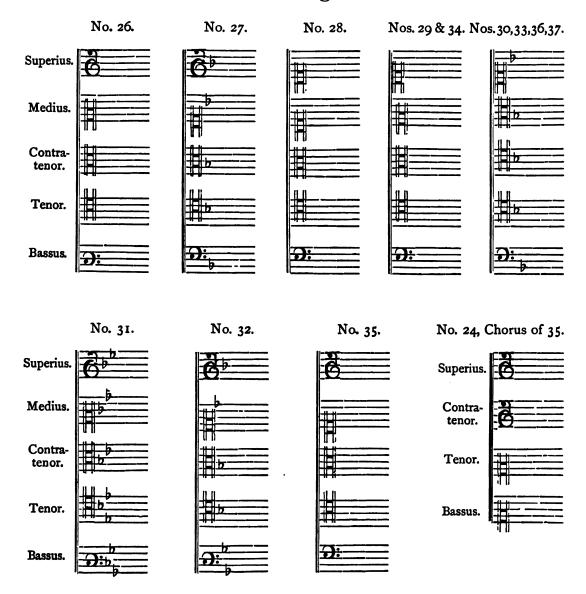
In places where a combination of the major and minor thirds upon the same root occurs, it has not been thought advisable to make any alteration in the text, as the device appears to have been the invention of Byrd himself.

Instances occur on p. 29, bar 1; p. 68, last bar; p. 111, bar 3; and p. 114, bar 7. In the fifth number of this edition will be found a note on this subject by Mr. H. E. Wooldridge, to whom the Editor is indebted for advice and help in the preparation of this volume.

NOTE.—THESE SONGS CAN BE OBTAINED SEPARATELY AT SIXPENCE EACH.

A Table of the Clefs

Used in the original edition.



A Table of the Songs

Of Five Parts.

- 26. WEEPING FULL SORE.
- 27. PENELOPE THAT LONGED.
 - 28. COMPEL THE HAWK TO SIT.
 - 29. SEE THOSE SWEET EYES. (First part.)
 - 30. Love would discharge. (Second part.)
 - 31. WHEN I WAS OTHERWISE.
 - 32. WHEN FIRST BY FORCE.
- 33. I THOUGHT THAT LOVE.
 - 34. O DEAR LIFE WHEN MAY IT BE.
 - 35. FROM VIRGIN'S WOMB. (Carol for Christmas Day.)
 REJOICE, REJOICE.
 - 36. Of GOLD ALL BURNISH'D. (First part.)
 - 37. HER BREATH IS MORE SWEET. (Second part.)

grví.

*

Weeping full sore, with face as fair as silver, Not wanting rose nor lily white to paint it, I saw a lady walk fast by a river Upon whose banks Diana's nymphs all danced.

Her beauty great had divers gods enchanted Among the which Love was the first transformed, Who unto her his bow and shafts had granted, And by her sight to adamant was turned.

Alas, quoth I, what meaneth this demeanour? So fair a dame to be so full of sorrow.

No wonder, quoth a nymph, she wanteth pleasure, Her tears and sighs ne cease from eve to morrow. This lady Rich is of the gifts of beauty, But unto her are gifts of fortune dainty.

rrvii.



Penelope that longed for the sight
Of her Ulysses, wandering all too long,
Felt never joy wherein she took delight
Although she lived in greatest joys among.
So I, poor wretch, possessing that I crave,
Both live and lack by wrong of that I have.
Then blame me not, although to heavens I cry
And pray the gods that shortly I might die.

rrviii.

(By THOMAS CHURCHYARD.)



Compel the hawk to sit that is unmann'd,

Or make the hound untaught to draw the deer,
Or bring the free against his will in band,

Or move the sad a pleasant tale to hear—

Your time is lost, and you are ne'er the near.

So Love ne learns by force the knot to knit;
He serves but those that feel sweet fancy's fit.

Oliphant points out that this verse is from Churchyard's Legend of Shore's Wife, which appeared in the "Mirror for Magistrates," 1559.

rrir.

THE FIRST PART.



See those sweet eyes, those more than sweetest eyes,
Eyes whom the stars exceed not in their grace;
See Love at gaze, Love, that would fain devise
But cannot speak to plead his wondrous case.

rrriv.

THE SECOND PART.



Love would discharge the duty of his heart
In beauty's praise, whose greatness doth deny
Words to his thoughts, and thoughts to her desert:
Which high conceits since nothing can supply,
Love here constrain'd through conquest to confess
Bids silence sigh that tongue cannot express.

The two parts of this song have been placed together, although in the original edition they were separated.

The second part was also set to music by Thomas Bateson, and published in his First Set of Madrigals, 1604.

rrr.



When I was otherwise than now I am,
I loved more, but skilled not so much.

Fair words and smiles could have contented then,
My simple age and ignorance was such.

But at the length experience made me wonder

That hearts and tongues did lodge so far asunder.

As watermen which on the Thames do row

Look to the east, but west keeps on the way,

My sovereign sweet her countenance settled so

To feed my hope, while she her snares might lay.

And when she saw that I was in her danger,

Good God, how soon she proved then a ranger.

I could not choose but laugh, although too late,

To see great craft decipher'd in a toy:

I love her still, but such conditions hate,

Which so profanes my Paradise of joy.

Love whets the wits, whose pain is but a pleasure,

A toy by fits to play withal at leisure.

In printing the poem with the music on p. 52, a slight alteration has been made in words of this line, in order to avoid a rest in the middle of the word "countenance." The original reading is as above.

gggi.



When first by force of fatal destiny

From Carthage town the Trojan knight did sail,

Queen Dido fair with woeful weeping eye

His strange depart did grievously bewail.

And when no sighs nor tears could ease her smart,

With sword full sharp she pierc'd her tender heart.

gggii.



I THOUGHT that Love had been a boy
With blinded eyes,
Or else some other wanton toy
That men devise,
Like tales of fairies often told
By doting age that dies for cold.

zzrííi.

(By SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.)



O DEAR life, when may it be
That mine eyes thine eyes may see,
And in them my mind discover
Whether absence hath had force
Thy remembrance to divorce
From the image of thy lover?

Oh, if I myself find not
Through my parting ought forgot
Nor debarr'd from beauty's treasure,
Let no tongue aspire to tell
In what high joys I shall dwell:
Only thought aims at the pleasure.

Thought therefore I will send thee
To take up the place for me;
Long I will not after tarry.
There unseen thou mayst be bold
These fair wonders to behold
Which in them my hopes do carry.

These three verses are part of a song afterwards printed in "Astrophel and Stella." There is a setting of them as a single song, with lute accompaniment, in Robert Dowland's "Musical Banquet," 1610, by an unknown composer.

rrrv.

A CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.



From Virgin's womb this day, this day did spring
The precious Seed that only saved man:
This day let man rejoice and sweetly sing,
Since on this day our Saviour first began:
This day did Christ man's soul from death remove
With glorious saints to dwell in Heaven above.
Rejoice, rejoice, with heart and voice,
In Christ His birth this day rejoice.

This day to man came pledge of perfect peace,

This day to man came love and unity,

This day man's grief began for to surcease,

This day did man receive a remedy

For each offence and every deadly sin

With guilty heart that erst he wandered in.

Rejoice, rejoice, with heart and voice,

In Christ His birth this day rejoice.

In Christ His flock let love be surely plac'd,
From Christ His flock let concord hate expel,
Of Christ His flock let love be so embrac'd
As we in Christ and Christ in us may dwell.
Christ is the author of sweet unity
From whence proceedeth all felicity.
Rejoice, rejoice, with heart and voice,

In Christ His birth this day rejoice.

O sing unto this glittering, glorious King,
O praise His name let every living thing;
Let heart and voice like bells of silver ring
The comfort that this day to man doth bring:
Let lute, let shawm, with sound of sweet delight
These joys of Christ His birth this day recite.
Rejoice, rejoice, with heart and voice,
In Christ His birth this day rejoice.

The Chorus of this Carol (Rejoice) being of four parts is printed among the four-part songs in the original edition, where it appears as number 24.

rrrví.

THE FIRST PART.



OF gold all burnish'd and brighter than sun-beams

Were those curled locks upon her noble head,

From whose deep conceits my true deservings fled,

Wherefore these mine eyes such store of tears outstreams.

Her eyes are fair stars, her red like damask rose, Her white, silver shine of moon on crystal stream, Her beauty perfect, whereon my fancies dream, Her lips are rubies, her teeth of pearl two rows.

rrrvii.

THE SECOND PART.



HER breath is more sweet than perfect amber is,

Her years are in prime, and nothing doth she want

That might draw angels from heaven to further bliss;

Of all things perfect, this do I most complain;

Her heart is a rock, made all of adamant.

Which gifts all delight, this last doth only pain.

PRINTED BY JAMES PARKER AND CO., CROWN-YARD, OXFORD.





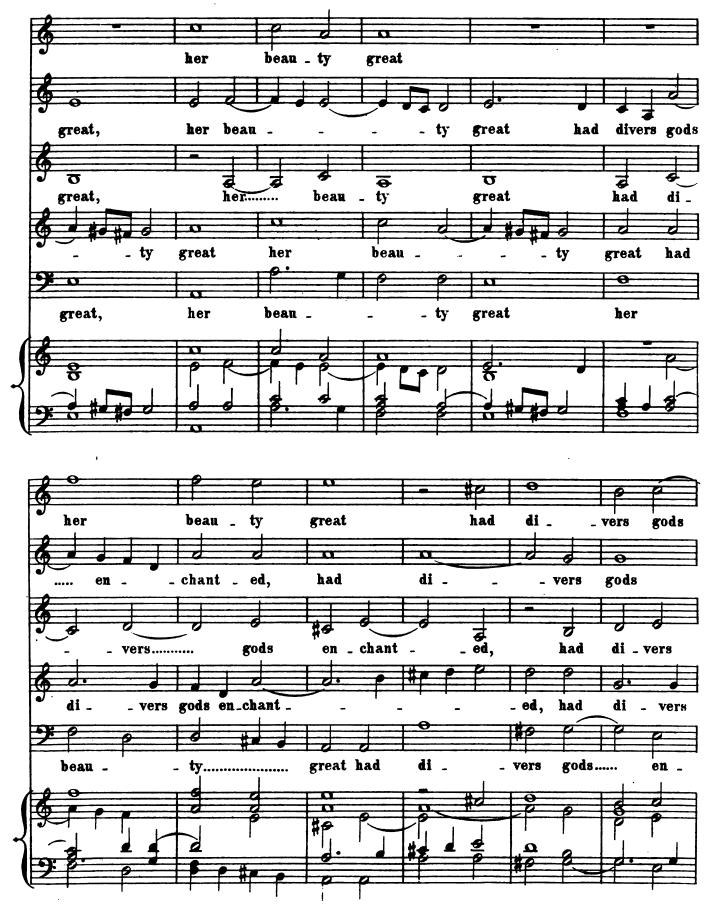




























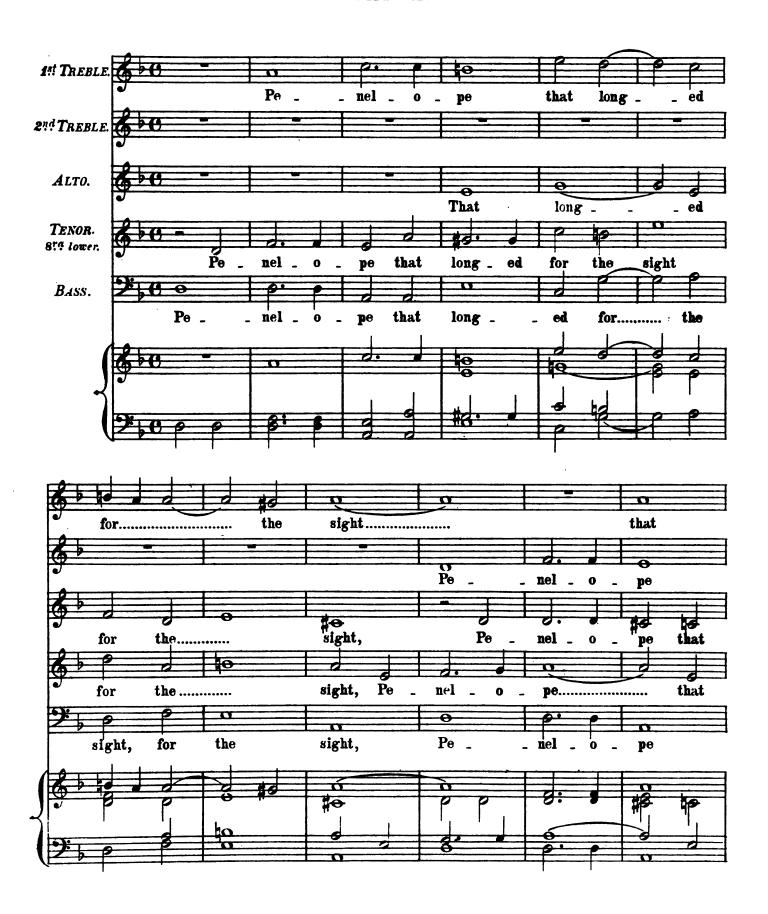








XXVII.





















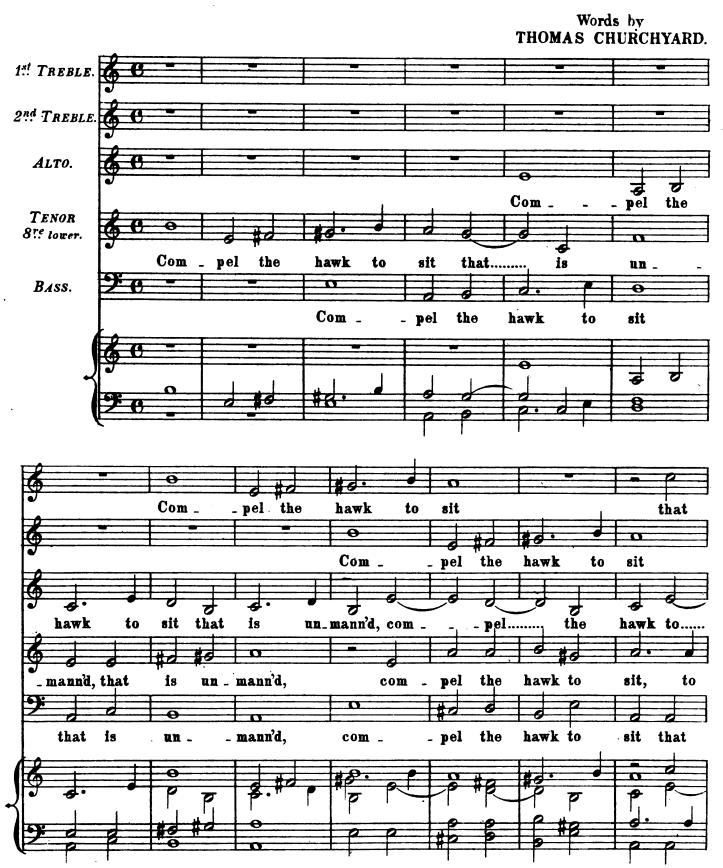


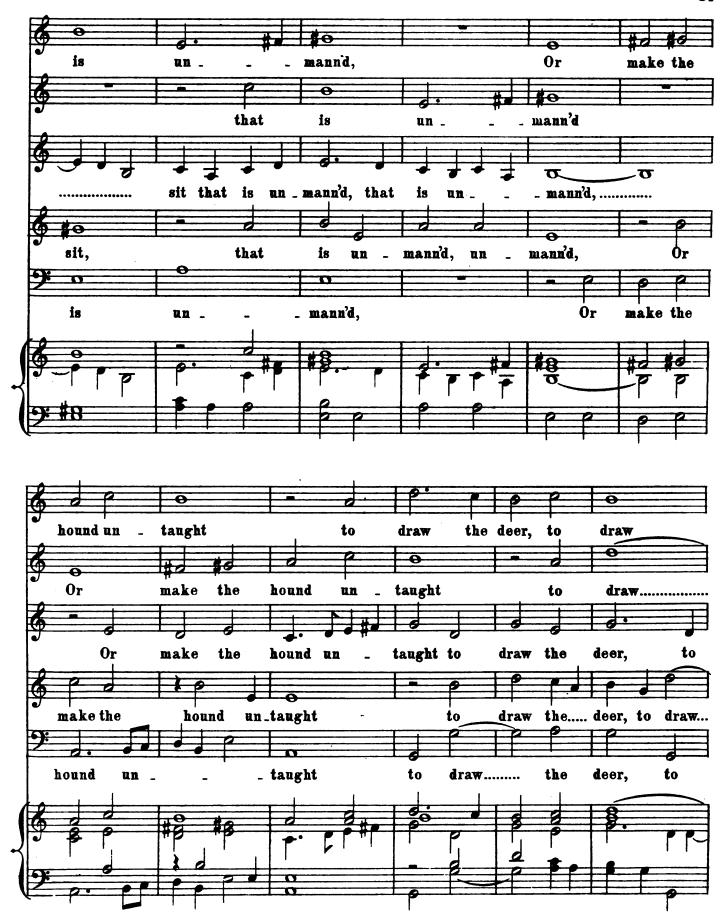






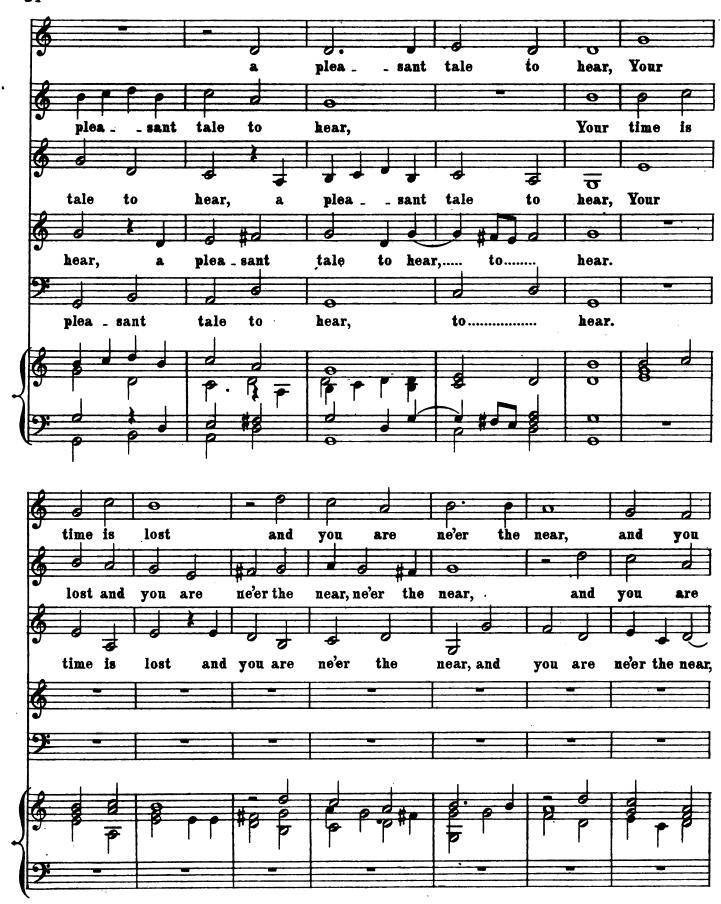
XXVIII.























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XXIX.

The first part.



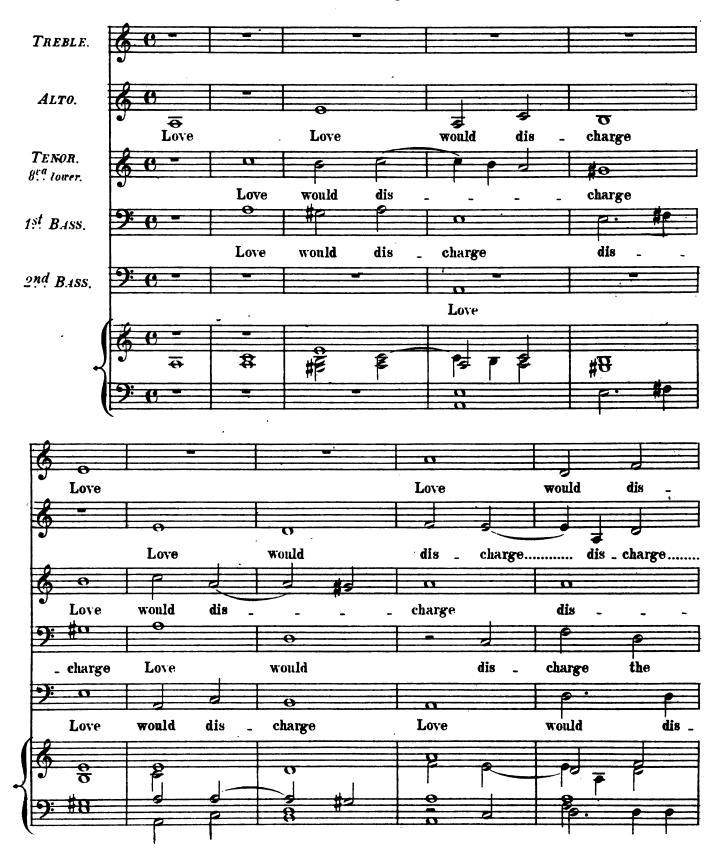






XXX.

The second part.





















XXXI.



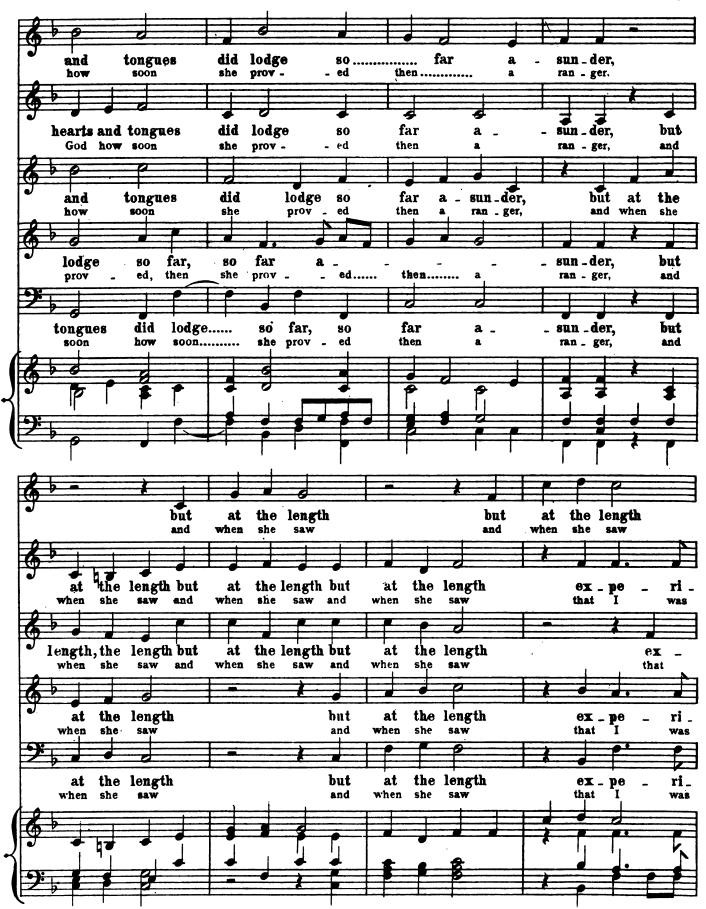




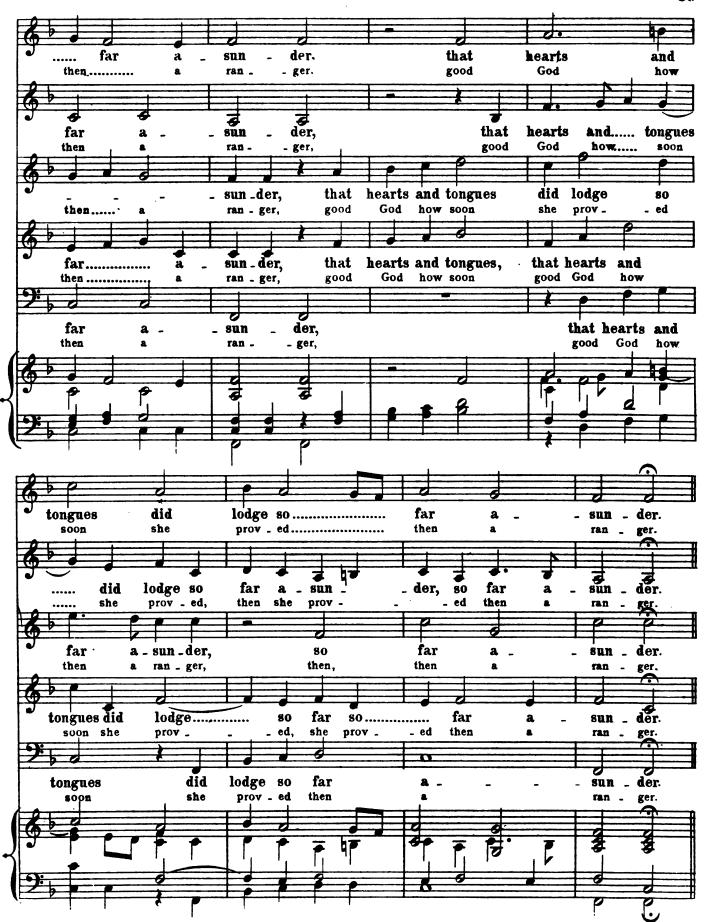










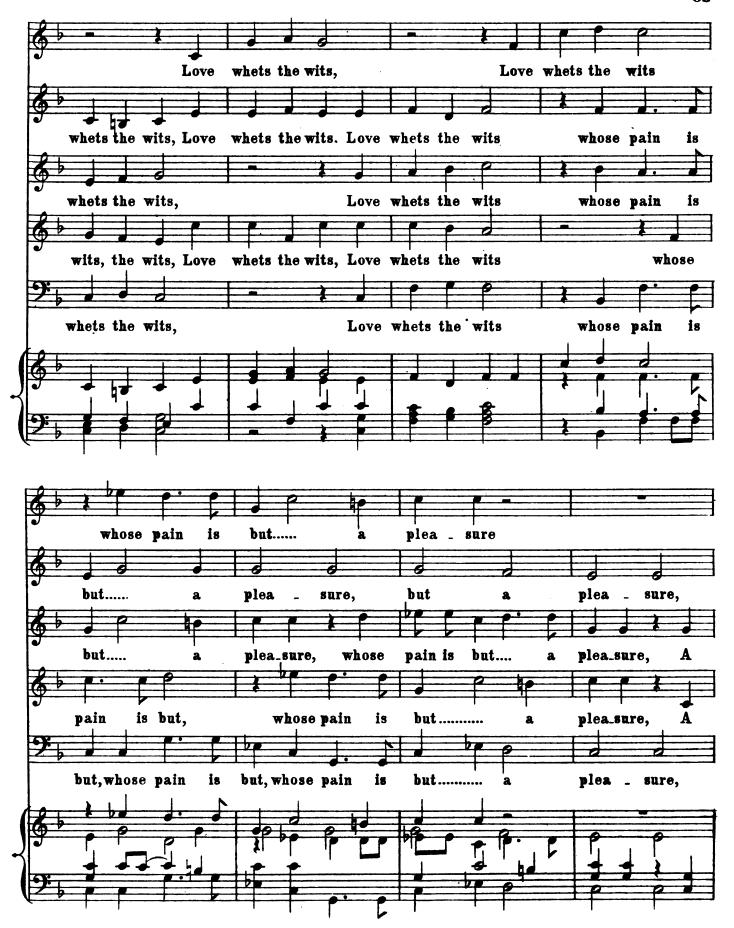










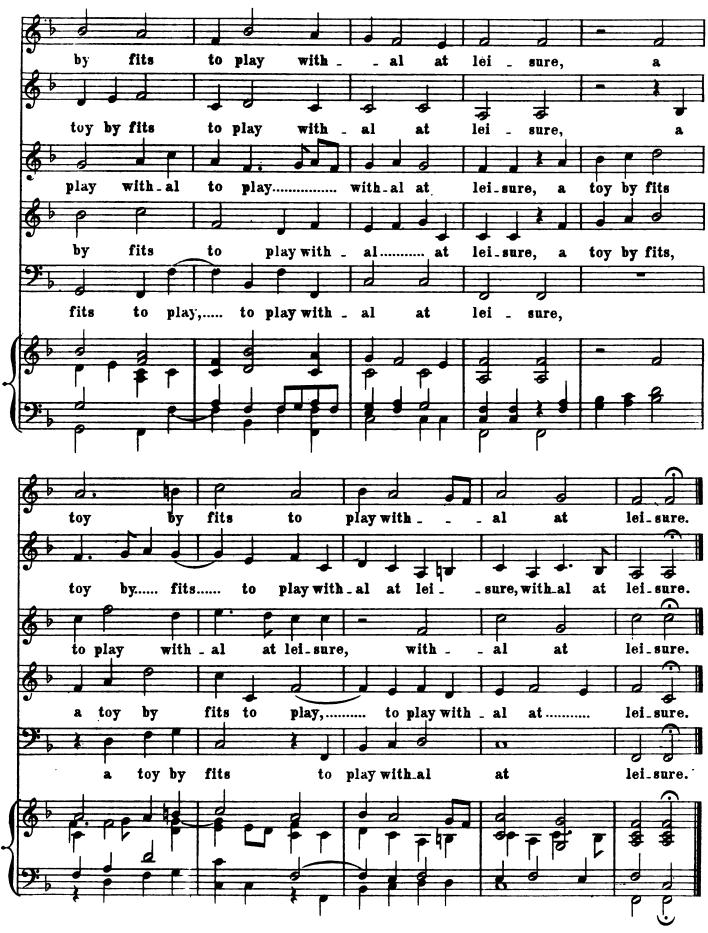










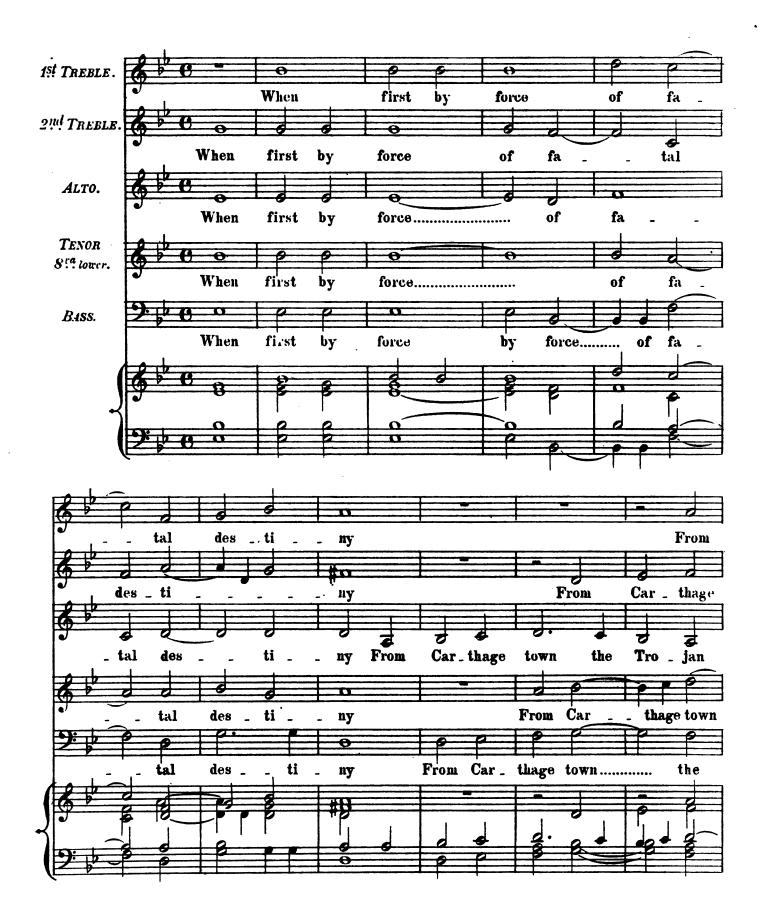


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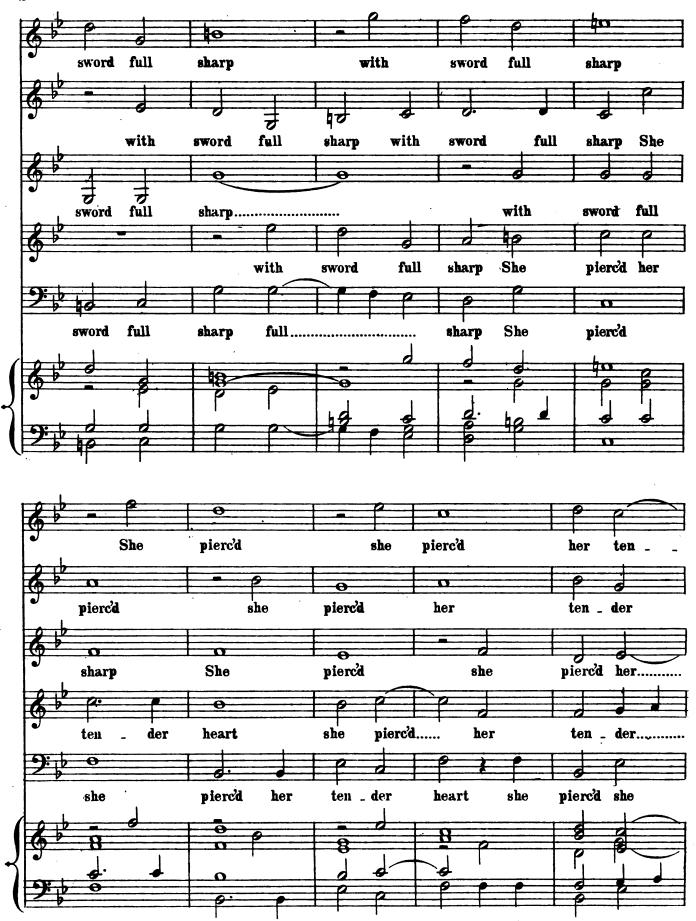










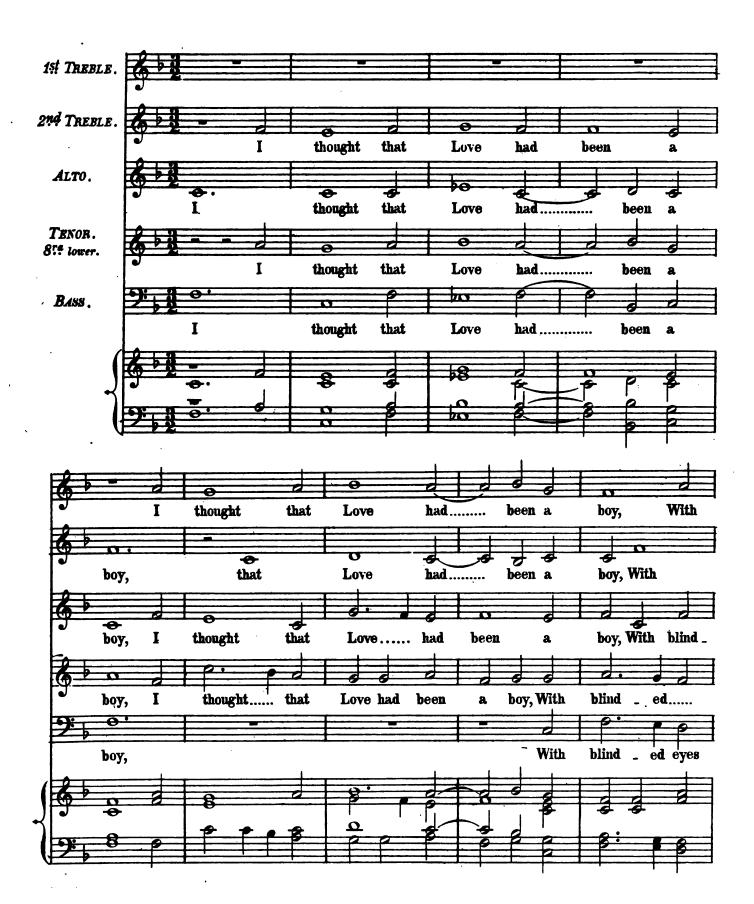






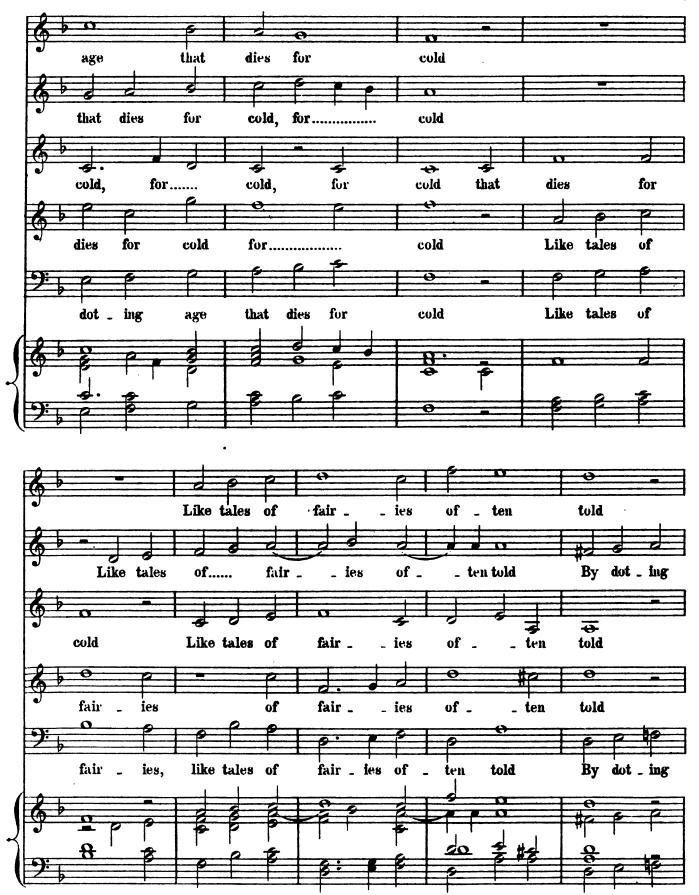












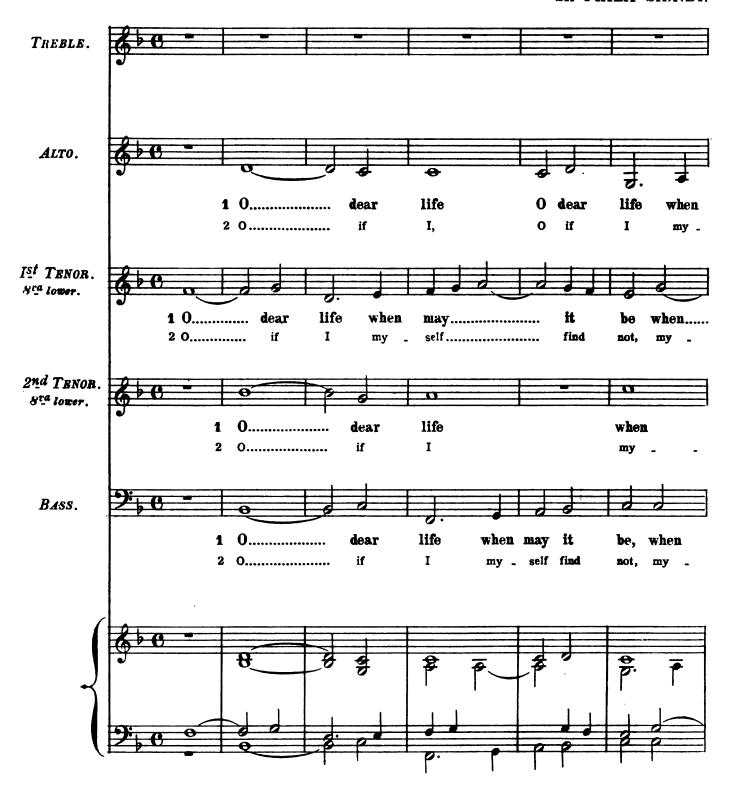






XXXIV.

Words by Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.







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XXXV.

A Carol for Christmas Day.













CHORUS.





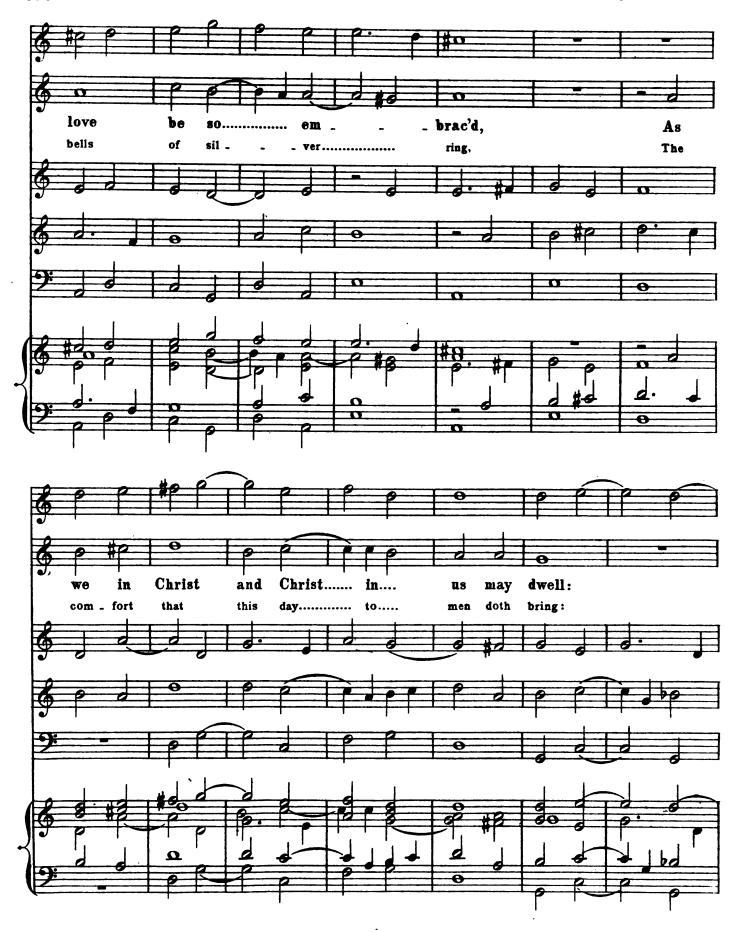


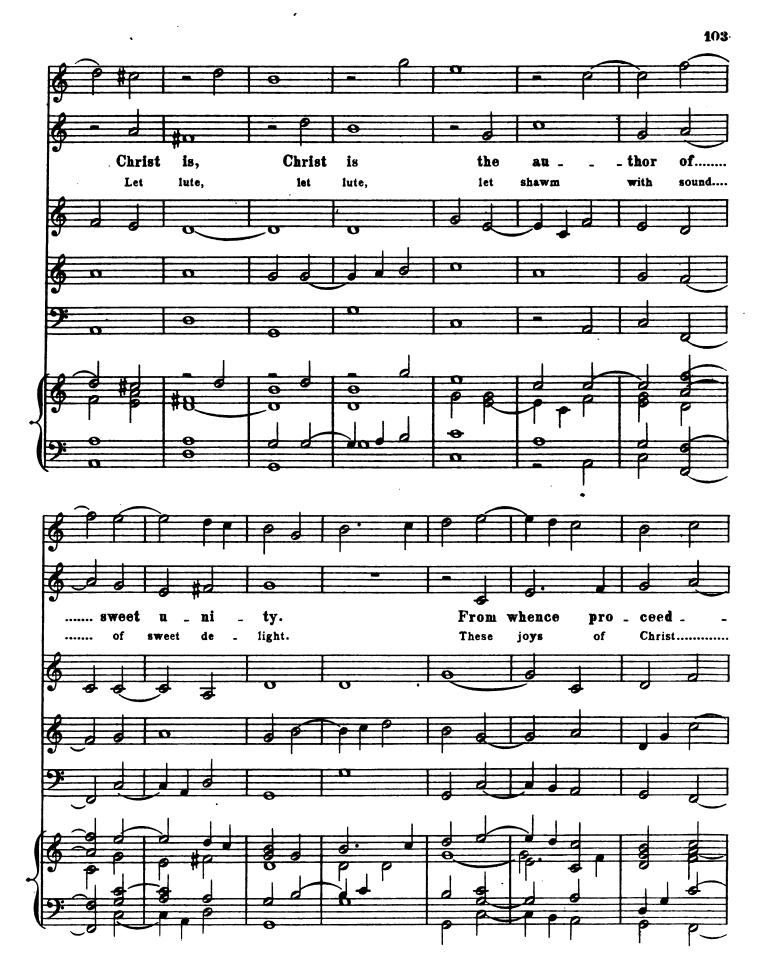














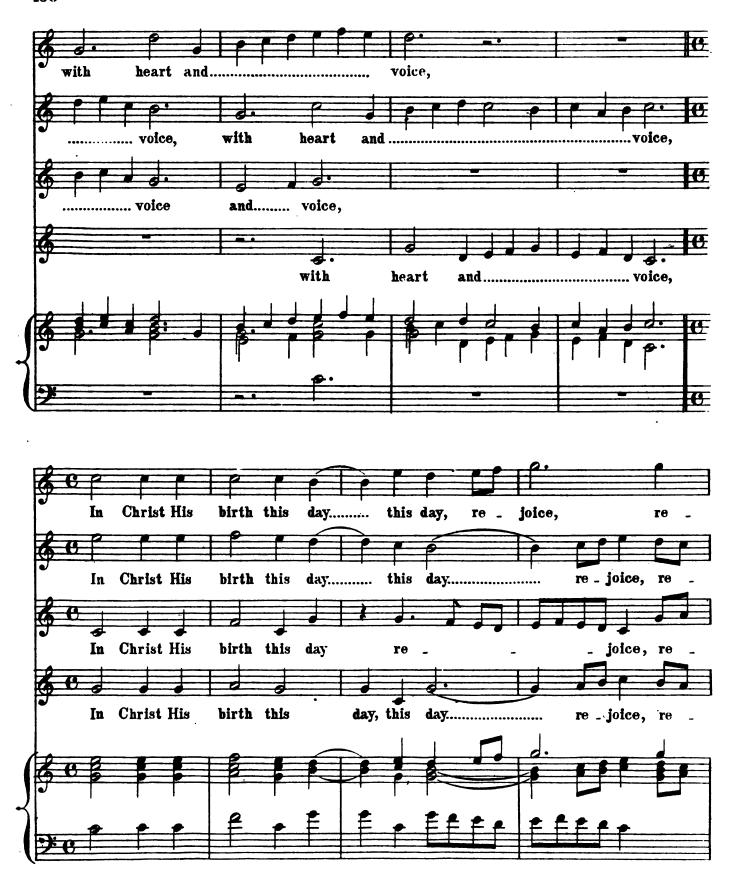
CHORUS.





CHORUS.











XXXVI.

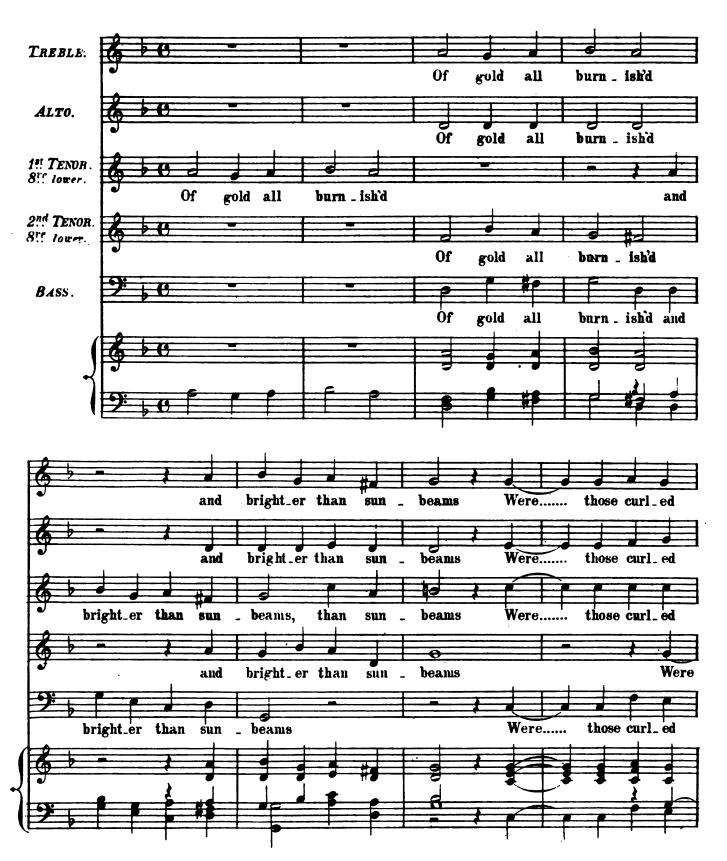
The First Part.





XXXVI.

The First Part.















XXXVII.

(The Second Part)





XXXVII.

(The Second Part.)









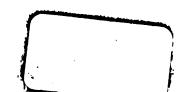








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